

992. h. 8
5
THE
FIDLER's Fling
AT
ROGUERY.

(Canto verace odiofo)

Divided into feveral CANTO'S.

To be fucceffively continued.

*Plain Honesty (we fee)'s run down,
While rampant R-g-ry's let alone,
And Villany goes jogging on.*

Neque enim Cuiquam tam clarum statim Ingenium est ut possit emergere, nisi illi Materia, Occasio, FAUTOR etiam Commendatorque contingat.

Plin. 23 Epist. 8 Lib.

LONDON.

Printed for W. SMITH, at Corelli's Head (a Musick-Shop) against Norfolk-Street, in the Strand.

(Price One Shilling.)

FIELD RESEARCH

T A

ORIGINAL

(Cambridge University Press)

207 M A 3 [unclear] [unclear]

To be directly opposite.

2. The following are the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors:

1945-1946 R. G. 1945-1946

[illegible][illegible]

2000-2001

100000

Shop agent Milkmaid in the 3 years.

(Price One Shilling)

derh

WHEREAS by a very laudable *Act of Parliament* made (*for vesting the Copies of printed Books in the Authors or Purchasers of such Copies*) it is expressly enacted, "That if any Bookseller, Printer, or other Person whatsoever, shall print, reprint or import, or cause to be printed, reprinted or imported, any such Book or Books; without the Consent of the Proprietor or Proprietors thereof first had and obtain'd in Writing, signed in the Presence of two or more credible Witnesses."—— "Or knowing the same to be so printed or reprinted, without the Consent of the Proprietors, shall sell, publish or expose to Sale, or cause to be sold, publish'd or expos'd to Sale, any such Book or Books, without such Consent first had and obtained, as aforesaid,"—— "Then *such Offender or Offenders, shall forfeit such Book or Books, and all and every Sheet or Sheets, being part of such Book or Books, to the Proprietor or the Proprietors of the Copy thereof; who shall forthwith damask and make waste Paper of them.*"—— And further, that "every such Offender or Offenders, shall forfeit One Penny for every Sheet which shall be found in his, her, or their Custody, either printed or printing, published or exposed to Sale, contrary to the true Intent and Meaning of this Act— The one Moiety thereof to the Crown, and the other Moiety thereof to any Person or Persons that shall sue for the same."

Yet notwithstanding this so just and generous Provision for the securing of Copies to Proprietors, the Author has been amply inform'd of a *Sort of underhand Trade* amongst evil dispos'd Persons, (whe-

ther Booksellers, Printers, or their Journeymen, (when they can hire Presses) or others, frequently to filch and re-print the said Copies, when, upon the Publication of 'em, the Author's or Proprietors Name or Names be conceal'd: And afterwards, clandestinely to dispose of such reprinted Copies so surreptitiously obtain'd, (especially when but of small Bulk and low Prices, by Hawkers about the Streets or otherways,) to the great Damage of such Proprietor or Proprietors, as well as to the manifest Detriment of such Bookseller, Pamphleteer, or other Shopkeeper and settled Inhabitant or Inhabitants, where such Book or Books are, (or may be) by the Proprietor or Proprietors, appointed to be fairly sold.

And whereas it may (and often does) happen, (notwithstanding the said Acts, being so much in favour of Authors and Proprietors) that the present Circumstances of Authors or Proprietors may incapacitate them to prosecute such Offenders against the said Act, with any valuable Success to themselves, be they ever so much injur'd by such clandestine, fraudulent and illegal Practices; (As we may reasonably suppose to have been the Case of Mr. Butler, that bright Author of the so celebrated Poem *Hudibras*, if we but peruse the Account of his Works and Circumstances, plac'd before the later Editions of that Poem,) as well as the Case of many more (no ill Authors, whether in Prose or otherwise) since his Time; and (according to late Information) of several since the above-said Act has been in force, from secret Combinations of money'd Men, and Dealers, to engross to Themselves the Benefit of Copies of unknown (or other) Authors, when They

can't

can't have a Share in the Profits thereof to their own Satisfaction; *by cribbing from, and otherwise disguising the original Copy.*

Therefore it is that *the Author hereof* thinks himself oblig'd to have recourse to *yet more and more rigid Acts of Parliament, for securing his Property in this, and several other Copies* (he has by him, ready for the Press;) and to such as *will make the Offenders feel the Force of insulted Laws*, by rendering *their Crime Capital* if they then shall dare to offend against Acts of Parliament, (to them so dangerously strong and plain :) and such as must inevitably convict 'em of Forgery, and flat  Felony, without Benefit of Clergy: Forgery of Seals or Signs Manual, being Felony adjudg'd by several Statutes, now in full force.

Whence it is, that he has determin'd to have every Book that he may publish to the World, (on whatever Subject, and in whatever Form it may be, Number'd, Sign'd and Seal'd, on the Page fronting the Argument of the said Book (as often as ever he shall find it needfull) by such Person or Persons as shall be by the Author or his Assigns intitl'd to publish, or to sell the same.

Now, tho' this may seem, at first View, *whimsically singular*; yet, upon cooler Thoughts, it may perhaps be found, not only reasonable, but necessary (not to say absolutely necessary) to secure such Copies to the Author or his Assigns, (*without the fruitless Inconvenience of Law-Broils*) in the Case above supposed, and hinted on. For what Good can any Person, in low Circumstances, get by going to Law with Combinations of money'd

Men, be the Law ever so plain in his or her Favour? But however that may be, it is hoped, that this Expedient will prove effectual *to secure Property in the present and future Copies*: And if so, it must as certainly stifle all forg'd or surreptitious Copies; because *the World will know every Book to be either fictitious or fraudulently printed, that has not the Number, Hand, and Seal, of such*
 *Person or Persons, that is, or are* (and shall be by publick Advertisements) *signified to have the Author's or Proprietor's Consent to publish or sell the same, affixed on the Page fronting the Argument of the said Book, (as often as Need shall require) and will as certainly prevent the Buyers having any thing impos'd upon 'em, meaner than what the Author for the present doe's (and hereafter may venture to) throw among 'em.*



N^o 8.





The ARGUMENT to the First CANTO.

*THE injur'd Fidler humbly tries,
To lay before the Great and Wise,
Some Specimens of R-g--rys ;
In humble Hopes the Good and Great,
Will well weigh and commiserate
The Fidler's hard Fare----and hard Fate.
And when the Truth be brought to light,
They'll please to interpose their Might,
To help the Fidler to his Right :
By making Those, upon the Place,
That plunder'd Him, by Means so base,
Restore his Fiddle, and the Case.*



THE ARGUMENT TO THE BILL



Canto Verace Odioso.

*Obsequium Amicos,
Veritas Odium, parit.*

TH E Fidler h's lost his Fiddle,—
Hoe,
And whence it was it happen'd so,
Enquire at L——, you may know :
“ But think before you point your Course,
“ *Scandalum Magnatum*'s still in force ;
“ Take care, my Chap——don't make
bad worse.

Whence

10 *Canto verace odioso.*

Whence have you This you say's *so true*?

“ See *there*—’s the Tale and Tale’s-man too,

“ K— G—’s *Fidler* told me so.

K— G—’s *Fidler* ! — “ Who is he?

Well,—by your Leave, Sir, you shall see.

Why, Who is he ? — upon my Word then,

A Pen-and-Ink-Man—and *no Swordsman*.

Yet, if he must be forc’d to fight,

He slays — *as Judges* — *to do Right* :

And that’s the best, most think the worst,

He never fights—but when he’s forc’d.

He holds, “ *a Soul’s not to be lost*

“ *For Trifles* — whate’er Rakes may boast.

That

Canto verace odioso.

II

That “ *Bully-Valour’s but Pretence*
To Bravery, — for want of Sense :
And frequently’s found *all a Cheat,*
When Bully Airs won’t do the Feat,
(For *Bullys* don’t love to be beat :)
But *brave Men* know what ’tis to fight,
In earnest — and know what’s got by’t;
Thence they’ll avoid it, *if they can,*
Not for Fear of — *but Love* to — *Man :*
E’en in the Height of *Mortal Fray,*
They’ll scorn to kill *Man,* *when they may,*
So they can spare him, any way :
While their own Lives — and Honour — are
Not too much risqu’d by such their Care.

Befides — What Glory is't to kill
A conquer'd Foe, — because you will?
Yet must we ne'er forget this Theme
(Nor pass it — as an idle Dream)
“ Sound Charity begins at Home :
For — flighting 't has been Death to some.
Lest, while we gen'rous Pity show,
We fall — by our first conquer'd Foe.
This Caution's indispensable,
Yet—Brav'ry h's no pretence to Ill :
For Bully-Valour's all a Jest,
As, in all Armys, still the best
And bravest Soldier's civilest :

While

While *sawcy blustering* *Hectors* are
Found to be *Run-aways in War* ;
Poltroons, instead of *Men of Fire*,
Tho' to be thought brave—all aspire :
And *tho' it be so much a Trade*
To sham the Brave——by *Fanfarade*.

For come it once to *fight or die*,
The Hector's Hope is still to flie ;

While *brave Men* once drawn into *Fight*,
When *Mischief must be*, for their *Right*,
Stand, and oft kill : — yet void of *Spight*. }

For, Self-preserving Principle
Defends to th' Death, — yet does no *Ill* ;
More than do Judges — when they *kill*. }

" A Pen-and-Ink-Man-Fidler,

" That's — as a Judge — a Man-slayer :

All this, methinks, sounds very queer.

It may be so, Sir, ——— but, an't please

Your Honour, ——— may I tell the Case

As short as may be ——— (not to add

One Syllable to make it bad :)

I'm sure, I need n't, if I wou'd,

For Volumes ne'er can make it good ;

" The Case is known — and 'tis the Truth

" That I'll defend 'gainst Foes and Death.

That's fighting Fidler then the first,

Well — But he ne'er fights till he's forc'd ;

And

And surely *first* can be no *Slur*,
To th' quiet Fidler's Character,
Because so honourable ——— Sir.
The great, the good King George the First,
That's dead—and lives—and rules in Dust,
No less a *Man* (you see)'s call'd *first*;
Whose *Maxims politick* (no doubt)
Are daily bringing Things about ;
And such — whereby the earthly Globe
Moves,—and as sure as I'm a *Job*,
Most potent Prince, and vastly good,
All Understanding understood,
Belov'd of all the *Wise and Good*;

Whose

Whose envy'd Subjects were so blest,
That on his Cares they took their Rest.
Thriving in Plenty, Peace and Pleasure,
Honour, and Safety--- (there's the Treasure.)
When British Happiness was grown
The Envy of each foreign Crown,
All Countries wishing it their own;
Whose weighty Counsels daily made,
All the World jealous and afraid
Of British Power, and British Trade;
Whose other Subjects daily strove,
T' outrival Britons in their Love,
But yet --- they ne'er cou'd do't---by Jove.

For

For Britons hold so great a Mortal,

In glorious Memory Immortal,

(Whose Parliament will answer for't all.)

The Fidler cry's too, ('mongst the rest,)

“ Loquuntur Facta : “ Probatum est.

And hearing such a mighty Noise

From Men, and Wives, and Girls, and Boys.

Of their King *George*, and his King too,

Fid had a Month's Mind, once to go

To Court — to learn what he could know,

And took with him, to grace him there,

A Virgin innocent and fair,

In Coach and, not Six — but, a Pair.

A very pretty Girl He know'd,
 As said — “ *The King was very good :*
When (to express the Sense she bore,
Of that grand Prince she went before,
A Thousand Pounds-worth she put on
O'th' finest Diamonds — all her own,
That made Fid strut— like great Don John.
 For Miss had got you (in a Word)
 A clever Spark, without a Sword ;
 Beau nice enough — but yet a Tradesman,
 A Merchant — and a bashful Maidsman.
So sweet a Girl, so fine in Dress,
And fam'd, for Wealth, and Prettynefs,
Sure, ne'er cou'd want a Beau—you'll guess.

No ——— she h'd that Year had half a
Dozen

More Sparks — (upon the Counter-cozen)

Knights, Burgesses, and Gentlemen,

That courted *Miss* in a high Strain :

For nothing less than Coach and Six

(Where Dad approv'd) *her Love must fix,*

And Settlement and Ladyship :

(And *Stuff*, wou'd give you all the Hip)

Because she wa'n't to be in Love,

But where Papa shou'd first approve ;

(A wise Injunction this ——— by *Jove*)

To bring her home smart Beaus to court her,

And yet forbid Love to transport her.

So 'mongst her Choice, she pitch'd upon

A Fidler ——— for her Gentleman-

Usher ——— to usher her to Court ;

And said, “ She had good Reason for't.

Then, so it was, ——— to Court we went,

And saw Things to our Heart's Content.

The King, soon snapping up my Fair,

Comes strait in royal Pleasure near,

And soon made good Place for us

there ;

Which happ'd so very pat, in Season,

For th' Honour ——— and for other

Reasons :

It

Canto verace odioso. 21

*It seem'd as if 't had been combin'd,
That K—g shou'd grant—what Fid design'd ;
For, got i'th' Center of the Ring,
(Thus plac'd, and grac'd,) Fid saw the
King,*

And lik'd his Looks — like any Thing :
Where standing close, and prying sharp,
He mark'd the King's Words — and his
Garb ;

Particularly, watch'd his Eyes,
And saw wrote “ MAJESTY THE WISE

All plain his Garb, nor lac'd nor wrought,
And truly *Fid* was sorry for 't,
(So then (you know) he lik'd it not)

22 *Canto verace odioso.*

But when he saw his *Houſhold* had
Gorgeous Apparel on, indeed,
It made him *half-blind*, and *quite mad* ;
Till he thought on *that noble Roman*,
That for his Grandeur wou'd ſqueeze no
Man ;

Nor did he care to wear fine Cloaths,
Yet kept Command o'er all the Beaus.
Still *all-majeſtick* Man and Mien,
In all King ſaid, and did, was ſeen.
Fid ſaw ſo grand a Prince ſo humble,
It made him think, and think, and
tremble :

Oft

Oft mark'd the well-turn'd honest Face,
And all the Marks of Royal Grace,
(Strong Emblems of a glorious Race:)

This was the great King that is gone
To God; ——— that gave to us his Son :
But talk of HIM--we'll ne'er have done.

For what's above Capacitys
T' admire — the best Encomium is;

While we declare such Excellencies

Above the Reach of Words and Senses :

Yet, this we'll say, (and go no farther;)

He sways his Scepter like his Father :

And He that rules in Love, and Reason,

Need fear no Traytors — nor no Treason.

24 *Canto verace odioso.*

But *then* comes *Train of Majesty*,
Fam'd for the Gloss of Family,
As old as Paul's — in Pedigree
(Nay — as the Stones are, we there see,)
And yet, for Youth and Beauty, so
Splendid — They shine all Stars (below
The Starry Hemisphere above)
All Emblems of Joy, Grace, and Love.
First comes Queen CAROLINE the first,
As an Exempt to Eve — uncurst ;
For all the World knows how she's blest, }
But th' Fidler's Country Men know best ; }
That on her Arms behold her Crest ; }

The

The Royal Buds of Royal Charms,

Babes Royal — in Imperial Arms.

This is the Queen — of Hearts, I mean —

That lord's it o'er the Hearts of Men,

British and Hanoverien.

All-Nations - Judges too — beside

That see her — feel HER — by their

Side

Cujus laudantur simili

Pulchrâ Prole Puerperæ.

Then come their high-born Loftinesses

The Glorious Princes and Princesses,

The Quintessence of Prettynesses ;

Strong

26 *Canto verace odioso.*

Strong Instances of Royal Blood,
Presaging Britain's future Good,
Strict Justice, Honour, Happiness,
And but to the whole World Success,
Beyond what Language can express :
Made to make Mortals rise and fall,
To wound, and heal, and kill and all.
The Royal Cupids with their Arms,
The Royal Venus's with Charms.
This is the Lustre — these the Rays
Of our coæval Halcyon-Days,
(Here's Work — for everlasting
Lays.)

Eter-

Eternal Happiness have at you ;

Rex, Grex, Regina, sint beati :

And should you hear Tools chance to hate
you

“ *In Fornace* (let me say’t’ you)

“ *Chalybs & Aurum sunt probati.*

At last comes up the present Tense

NOW Fid would tell their Wit and Sense, }
But that they’re not of’s Acq—t—nce. }

— Thus then it was he knew the Truth,

Whate’er was strew’d about, forsooth ;

And, as he took a hearty Liking,

Thus to his mighty and his high King,

When

28 *Canto verace odioso.*

When he got merry ever after
(Whether 'twas with, or without Laugh-
ter,)

All-fir'd with Loyalty — He'd swear

“ He was K — G —'s Fidler.

This is the Man that told me — Sir.

Tho' to his hard Fate it was so,

The K — g the *Fidler* did not know,

Or, *Things* had ne'er gone with him
so.

But *poor Fid* never would intrude,

He cou'd n't be so vain and rude,

As to petition his great King,

(Tho' of his Goodness Annals ring)

“ That

Canto verace odioso. 29

“ That He’d most graciously bestow

“ A Fidlership on him — or so.

Yet loyal Zeal to serve his Prince,

So fam’d for Merit — and for Sense,

So far inflam’d him with Desire,

That to some Post he would aspire,

And (tho’ at Cat-Gut but a Pidler)

He dubb’d himself — K—— G——’s

Fidler ;

Resolving on a Nominal

Post, — rather than have none at all ;

And, nulus bolus, wou’d be so,

And swore “ He wou’d be’t gratis too ;

As

As he'd no Money for the Patent,
Nor hearty Friends to try t' obtain't,
So vow'd his K—g the Compliment;

(But this *thus understood*, ——— in Case
A Fidlership be Patent-Place.)

Yet *Fid* for want of wish'd Assistance,
Was made do Duty at a distance,
That baulk'd of his intended Boon,
He ne'er could give his K—g a Tune,
—— Then he would go to seek his For-
tune,

And, sometimes thought upon *Hog's Nor-*
ton,

Where

*Where Folks say Pigs play on the Organs,
As wou'd just suit Fid's Fiddling-Fargons;
But tho' his Fortune was forlorn,
Taking so mean a Thought in scorn,
As Fortune-Hunting was his Bent,
All in a Pet — the Fidler went,
From one End of the World to t'other,
To find the Fidler's younger Brother;
Tho' the Proverb urges ——— “such are
born
“ To Elder-Brothers as a Scorn;
“ Born to good Fortune — (as they say)
And thus they bear the Bell away.*

32 *Canto verace odioso.*

For Folks will ha' 't (do what you can)

“ *The Youngest's the best Gentleman,*

But, let 'em prove it — if they can.

— However *Fid* thought “ *if his Brother*

“ *Had half of what Folks make a Pother,*

(Or like it ——— any thing at all)

“ *He'd made himself for Good and All.*

By going to Him — *just to borrow*

A Thousand Guineas — (to Fid's sorrow)

Not doubting in the least, *He wou'd*

Lend Him the Guineas — (for he cou'd)

To help Him *soon* into the World,

That out o't had so long been hurl'd ;

Bury'd

Bury'd alive for many Years
Broke, and obscur'd by Wants and Fears,
And Fidler turn'd — to sooth his Cares.

(For, what you'll e'er object to Us,

“ Cor consolatur Auribus.)

Fond then of's Project — take's a Cup,

“ To th' setting of the Fidler up.

And, t' lose no Time i'th' Execution;

Come's quickly to this Resolution,

“ To drop a Set of Honourable

“ That honour'd Fid much — at their Table.

A Company so happy that

A gen'rous Grace amongst 'em sat

C

That

That had got Fid a double Post;

(Munificence well worth a Boast :)

And yet he fondly whip's away,

Designing justly all to pay

(That's when He cou'd) — another Day.

Fid's Brother then was found — and so

They met, — and *Fid* said, “ *How d' you*
do? ”

The younger makes a kind Return ;

And both the Brothers Bowels yearn.

There then — (with now and then a Thank)

Fid liv'd in more than Fidler's Rank.

Great Dons attend the Fidler's Levy,

And Presents come in — thick, and heavy ;

With

With Spanish-Gravity and Grandure,
And really more — than *Fid* could endure.

From Bishops, — Governors, — and Citys,
And Cloisters, — (with their artful Dittys)

From Spanish Ladys — high-fam'd Wits,

That serenaded *Fid*, by Fits ;

Plays, Consorts, Balls, — in Compliment,

With Loads of Presents ——— daily sent,

Shew'd th' Honour, they the Fidler meant.

By Ringing Bells ——— where he came
through,

And Orders given for it, too :

Then — (to confirm kind Disposition,)

Kind Visits — from the Inquisition.

36 *Canto verace odioso.*

And th' Fidler's Friends, *the Jesuits,*
Fid ever found — well in their *Wits,*
That help'd *Him* out — at some dead
Lifts;

These formal Honours — (tho' vain Stuff)
 Made *Fid* like's *Quarters* well enough.

Receiv'd then so compleat in *Querpo,*
The Spaniards made *the Fidler* smirk-Hoe.
 And from so great Civility

Shewn with a Face of *Amity,*
 (Provided — *Spaniards* be sincere)
Fid cou'd have willingly staid there,
 Or 'mongst such *Spaniards* — any where.

Where

Where most uncommon Libertys
Allow'd — cou'd not but highly please ;
(*So friendly were th' Indulgencys.*)
But yet — “ To give no Jealousy
“ To'n honourable Company,
Was a fly Bait flung out, that took ;
And, all the while too, hid the Hook
Design'd to hold the Fidler fast
From growing Great — in too much haste :
For *Brother F—et—r*, in a Ferment,
Dreaded, — of all Things, — *Fid's Pre-*
ferment ;
So plys his Int'rest, Might and Main,
“ *To get the Fidler home again ;*

And so work'd up his Emissaries

They funn'd Fid's Br——r with Vagaries ;

All joining — in a formal Story,

“ 'Twas for *Fid's* Int'rest ——— and's own
Glory,

“ To settle Him — at some good distance,

“ *Not to offend — by such Assistance ;*

“ To give no Umbrage — from two
Brothers

“ Settling in Trade — near one another :

Thus chouc'd Him thence--*with Promises,*

(And more than Spanish Gravitys) —

“ That Counsellors mought chouce — at

Ease.

Trusting

*Trusting whereto — the Fidler jogg'd
Into the Country of the Frogs;*

Where — (at too great a Distance, still,)

He fiddle-faddl'd, 'gainst his Will;

When, — to divert his Melancholy,

“ Perceiving Fortune-Hunting Folly:

He thought to sooth all growing Cares,

By magical melodious Airs.

And mighty hot He was on't, when

The Folks cry'd ev'ry now and then,

“ De Koninck foris kom't, haast, over

“ Op Reyse, door Hollant, — na Hanover.

Whereat the Fidler instantly,

O'erjoy'd to think his King so nigh,

40 *Canto verace odioso.*

Boldly struck up ——— as if *He'd make*
The Houses fall, and Churches shake ;
 As if resolv'd to make his King
 Hear ev'ry Twang, of ev'ry String ;
 Where e'er he was ; ——— or far or near :
 Tho' th' King, where he was, was not there.
 “ *For Raptures, by their magick Force,*
 “ *Make Folks outdo Themselves of Course.*
 But, Extacy will not be lasting ;
 For, keener Joys are sooner wasting.
 So, tho' the Fidler little thought
 His zealous Joy w'd so soon be baulkt ;
 Yet, — *so it was,* — (now you shall hear,
 (*And now I'll make you shed a Tear :*)

Just

Just then come's *Death* — and gives the
Blow,

That parted *K—g* and *Fidler* — so

As *Britain* and *Hanover* too,

And all the World both feel and know.

The Swan his *Breath* in *Song* resigns,

But who can fathom *Fate's* *Designs*?

Yet — had the *Fidler* *Power* given

By *God's* *Vice-gerent* — that's from
Heaven;

And whom *G O D* has in his *Place* given :

Sorrow wou'd be the Sops of *Those*,

That plunder'd poor *Fid* of his *Cloaths*,

His

His Books, his Bed, his Liberty,

Distorting Laws, — and Equity.

“ Till They deep-stain’d Humanity :

Yet *“ Nil conscire sibi, — fure,* [Virg.]

“ T’ a wounded Conscience is a Cure :

(Tho’ ’t were — of an Emb—ss—d—r.)

However, — had the Fidler Power,

He’d quickly make *some* rue *some* Hour ;

He’d make ’em feel the Fidler’s Wrath,

And He can do it ; — Faith and Troth.

Soon wou’d He make ’em cringe and cry ;

“ Peccavi ; — and that heartily :

He w’d fagg ’m else most d—n—bly.

Tho’

Canto verace odioso. 43

Tho' first — *He'd Lecture 'em, with Rubs*
Verbal; — if humble: — *but with Drubs,*
If rusty still: — *He'd make 'em know,*

“ *What 'twas to serve K—g's Fidler so.*

Give *Him* a Bang, — and *Him* a Kick,

“ *And work 'em tumbling to Old Nick;*

“ *Like Dust from Fidler's Fiddle-Stick:*

— And this He'll do, — when Time shall
serve,

As sure, — as God shall Him preserve;

Tho' but K—'s Fidler Nominal:

What wou'd He do, then — was He't real?

Was He once d——b'd that glorious Thing

“ *Frank, Friend, and Fidler — to the K—g!*

44 *Canto verace odiofo.*

*(For 'n honest Fidler is a Man
Better than any Rogue in Grain,
For all a Fidler sounds' so mean.)*

D---gs ! To make *Fid's* Cash run away,
And now He's come to look for't,---fay
“ *The Fidler's self is run away,*
Frighting plain honest People by
Teazing 'em with a hellish L——.

“ You've lost your Money ; — now 'tis
plain ;

“ You'll never see *one Crofs* again ;
But They're All d——n——bly mista'en.

For here's the Sweet of Innocence,

“ *The God of Gods is its Defence.*

And had *poor Fid* but *one good Grace*,
To get *Him proper Friends, and Place*;
The good *World* wou'd resent his *Case*.

And, might he choose — He w'd pitch
upon

A Darling to King Solomon ;

Augustus and Mecænas in one Man :

That 'mongst great Patrons leads the Van,

And makes his *Servants*; — to a *Man*.

We mean all Those — whose Happiness

Has made 'em well known to his Grace ;

Those, — whom his good Sense has observ'd,

To be *Men* fit to be *preferr'd* ;

Men

46 *Canto verace odioso.*

*Men of Integrity and Parts,
Of able Heads, — and honest Hearts.*

With requisite Qualifications

(To make 'em Darlings to wise Nations)

For here —'s the Glory of his Grace,

“ To brag of Those he put's in Place ;

(When 'tis, he hears, the publick-Voice,

Extols the Prudence of his Choice.)

Which plainly shew's his noble Soul

And Principle, — beyond Controul :

“ That He h's the publick Good at

Heart,

“ *By choos'ing Men with so much Art.*

Thus

*Thus (daily singling from the Crowd,
Men --- with stanch Principles endow'd;
Devoted to the publick Good.)*

--- 'Tis as the Business of his Grace

To augment the publick Happiness,

“ By putting worthy, Men, in Place.

But yet, — (tho' He's so generous;)

Fid fare's nor better, nor the worse:

And why? — Because that “ Onbekent

(As Dutch Men hold) “ maak't onbemint.

He swears — “ He's sure — that's

all that's in't,

“ For Characters at second Hand,

“ Impose on all Peers in the Land,

And

And poor Fid having that hard Fate
Not to be known — or known too late,

(And only, from Tradition, — That)

While's Grace diffuses Honours on
Heaps of Wealth, — on every one;

Poor Fid's (as 't were) forgot alone.

“ So good a Lord, so good a Friend,

“ He loses by's his being unbekenn'd;

But, wou'd kind Stars once bring to Light

The naked Truth; (chance) his Grace might

Be pleas'd to help Fid to his Right:

And if his good K—g wou'd n't think

The Fidler mad — or else in Drink.

He'd

*He'd try t' obtain his free Permission,
To lay his Case before the N—t—n.
And as learn'd Counsel may consent,
To Petition the P—m—t,
For Books, for Bed, for Liberty,
That all the World might plainly see,
Some Engines of arch V—ll—ny ;
Which (well examin'd) might disc—ver
Great Truths—that some Folks strive to
 sm—ther ;
And such as might, bring out a String
Of R--g--rys; ——— and that's a Thing,
Might vastly serve both St--te and K--g.*

50 *Canto verace odioso.*

For that bold Generosity

“ To right the Wrong’d,—must surely be

A Splendor e’en to Maj—sty;

Then greater Subjects wou’d n’t dare

For Lust, t’oppress the Less ;—for Fear :

When Kings, the Fathers of their People,

Wou’d crush ’em That the Poor would cripple.

Had he then once Leave to pet—t—n,

Tho’ ’twere done in a Fidler’s Fashion ;

Perhaps they’d find in Fid’s Rel--t--n,

Something might TEND to serve the N--t--n,

For He’d e’en venture to be free,

In dutiful Humility,

And, Poz,—the Substance o”t shou’d be.

“ Poor

Canto verace odioso. 51

“ *Poor Fid*, by R—g—ues demolished,

“ BEG’S ALL ROGUES BE ABOLISHED;

“ *And something*, (not forgot) *for Bread.*

(For He has got some hundred Guineas

Due t’ Him, long since ; — (and from so
many :)

That,—without Them,—He’ll ne’er get any.)

“ Humbly *subintelligitur* ;

(*As strongest Phrases shortest are :*)

But Truth’s Truth — in Tetrameter.

(*And Lyrics* (chance) *may make appear*

Enough ——— to make some gr——t Folks
swear.

52 *Canto verace odioso.*

Nay, — who knows but *Petitions may*
Be best, — that all in Motto say ?

(I'm sure the H—f—e wou'd like that way.)

“ For Brevity is very good,

“ When w'are, ——— or are not — under-
 stood. Hudib.

And telling Truth, — tho' as in jest,
May wipe as clean, — and Rogues infest,
As much as Truth with Anger prest.

Thus puny metrical Direction
May prove — to Knaves a full Detection ;
 And to plain Honesty — Protection.

Quærat then — another Thing,

“ *If Fid's Foes be n't Foes to the K--g ?*

Quæ-

*Quærat*ur item — if convenient,

“ *If not Foes — to K---g and P--li-m--t?*

And after ripe Examinat——n

(To put the Case quite out of Question)

May they come to this Resolut——n,

“ *Foes!* (—or “ *not Foes*) —to th’ *Const--t--n!*

And to each Friend that make’s Effort,

For ’t’s safe and honourable Support,

(*What e’er Inducements They have for’t.*) }

No doubt there might be some — wou’d say,

“ What vile Stuff——’s here! — *Pish!* —

“ fling’t away:

“ *What a bold-Busy Body’s This?*

“ Here’s neither Sence nor Substance:—*Pish!*

54 *Canto verace odioso.*

That's — (as I take't) Requ—ft thrown out
 “ Ref—lv'd — “ HE's MAD: — (without a
 V——te.)

“ A MADMAN, *sure.* ———

But— “ if he ben't,— “ *He may be said one,*
And Tricks be try'd---to get him made One;
 As REGISTER S can prove — at
 L——.

Well! ——— But, what's all This to the
 H—fe,

Oh! That's a S—cr—t, *inter N——s:*
 And (don't you fear;) — 'twill have its Ufe.]

As 't may be --- many a Subject's Case ;

May n't 't in P—l—m —t take Place?

So

So far — as to procure Redress ?

To th' timely lopping R—g—sh—n—s,

And aiding Virtue in Distress ?

Where ev'ry individual Member

(Fid hope's — All Freemen will remember :)

By's being chose — “ becomes A RECTOR,

“ O'th' Const—t--t--n a Direct——r :

Whereby — “ We put into his Hands

“ Lives, Wives, and Children — and our
Lands ;

“ And when He's not *our Rights* Protector,

“ Depend on't, — “ He's our State's
Infector.

56 *Canto verace odioso.*

“ Who—— for R——gue P——ns——n (settld
long since)

“ Sells King, —— and Country ;——
—— and his Conscience :

Or else —— some easy Instrument
(Tw’ m Pow’r unhappily is lent)

That v——te’s with Tr——trs vilely bent.

And sure ’tis high time to awake,

When p——b——l——k L——b——ty ’s at Stake,

And priv——t—— Prop————ty goes to Wreck,

(Where Privilege hold’s Laws at Beck)

For Faction aim’s at great Subversions,

(That’s plain ——from its so great Perversions:)

Making,

Making, in all Towns, such Divisions,
That R-ght and L—w 're become Derisions;
For where great Pow'r is in the Hand
Of perj—d Trayt —s to their Land,
They'll give to none — but Tools —
Command;

Unless (by Chance) to Fools that may,
As Tools,—be Helps to 'm — in their Way;
And Blinds: (th' more to secure their Pay.)
Where then — of Justice there's that Lack,
No wonder R—ght goes so to Wreck;
And well-spread Factions do such Feats,
That national erumpent Heats,
Forebode great Storms—upon great St—tes.

58 *Canto verace odioso.*

And (*as we fear*) e'en to this Hour,

“ *Ce Mal se fortifie tous les Jours.*

Then — *from Resentments may we trace,*

The Fidler's is no priv—te Case;

“ *Forthey'd serve 's K—fo—if in 's Place:*

Cou'd They but get Him, once, secure,

(*And cou'd n't bring Him to their Lure*)

“ *They'd take Him under Hand to Cure;*

And (*by some Villain's Trick, or other,*)

“ *Cure—by a Dose,—or else a Sm—th—r;*

(*Or any way,—that make's least Pother.*)

Perhaps, kill as the Indians do,

Kill at a Distance — yet kill true.

At

At certain Times determin'd by
Their treach'r--s hellish Suttlety,

“ *For as they w—'d serve the Fidler — Hoè,*

“ *They'd serve his K--- and C---try too ;*

And that you may believe 't — the rather,

“ *Think on the Death of our K--'s Father :*

Which ha's some Circumstance so black,

It put's good Hearts,---- and Brains o'th'

Rack,

“ *Lest false Play carry'd the Attack.*

This then is *so much* — to the Na—t—n,

“ *As useful Hints — from true Relat—n ;*

And tho' there may be *Those* will scorn,

A Fidler's Case — that's so forlorn ;

Ye

60 *Canto verace odioso.*

Yet — grave, and great, and good, are there
That know Rogues—and how poor Folks fare,
And Those may chance—to speak it fair ;
At least, not vile ;—’cause “ good Intention
“ Is laudable : — “ Howe’er’s th’ In-
vention.

— Then, — shou’d They slur — “ He
“ begs for Bread !

It’s no more than what my L--d M--r did,
Last Week ;--when, mumping up and down,
He went a begging through the Town :
(For all his Gold Chain and Furr-Gown.)

Then mayn’t a Fidler follow th’ Fashion,
(That’s the best Branch of the Profession)

And

And beg (*for Justice*) -- of his Na-t-n,
Against a wanton Depredation :

(*To th' Sc-nd-l -- of a Christ-n Nat-n.*)

Made on Him by a M--n ambitious,

Seemingly cruel and malicious;

(*As glorying in being vitious :*)

But -- *how much Glory can redound,*

By making T---r---ny renown'd ;

To th' Honour of a glorious Cr--n?

By having Subjects traml'd on,

And ruin'd : -- (by contriv'd Vexations,

Imprisonments ; --- and Devastations :)

'Gainst B-t--sh Laws, --and L-w of Na-
tions !

“ By

62 *Canto verace odioso.*

“ By th’ cruel Usage — (*Fid* so chaff’t at)

“ *To make his K--- and C---try laught at,*
(Whatever Flatterers may say)

If any Man can prove, ——— HE MAY.

—— Shall a good Subject be destroy’d,

(*And Academicks ill imploy’d*)

By those with the K---g’s P----y upbuoy’d?

Must Man be made a Sacrifice,

To wrathful Lust (keen Avarice)

“ *Because a laudable Punctilio*

’s omitted? — (i’ n’t that more than silly Hoe?)

I n’t this despotick Ty---r---ny?

“ *That a good Subject’s Life shou’d be*

“ *At the Caprice of Vanity?*

“ That

Canto verace odioso. 63

“ *That Pr—ces shou’d be so imp—s’d on,*
To have their S—b—j—ets so dispos’d on ?

— “ *That Brother Subjects should become*

“ *Dictators of their Fellow’s Doom ?*

“ *So that—when e’er He will,—a Great One*

“ *May, lawlessly, confine — and treat One*

“ *Like Polyphemus,— “ e’er He’d eat One.*

“ *Torture and mangle — till He’s cloy’d,*

“ *E’er’s by the Coup de Grace destroy’d ;*

“ *That Sov’—r—n’s Ch—r—et—r must be*

“ *Strangely set off, — where M—n—try*

“ *Dare blacken it with Ty—r—ny.*

“ *Pray, what can Foreigners believe*

“ *That Land to be — where They perceive,*

64 *Canto verace odioso.*

“ Oppressi—n to the last degree,

“ Practis’d on Subjects born so free,

“ (*As Brit—ns brag of Liberty.*)

“ When they see R—ght so much distorted ;

“ And Wrong—by Ch-r-c-tr supported ?

“ Tho’ Freedom be so much reported.)

“ *Can they forbear to represent*

“ *To all Lands—wherefoe’er they’re sent,*

“ *The M—f—ch—fs of such M—n—ge—m—t ?*

“ And th’ endless Dangers all must be

“ Expos’d to — from such Ty—r—ny,

“ (*That Sc—nd—l to all M——y ;*)

“ Whence glorious Pr—ces are b—tr—y’d

“ *And Ma——ty’s a Jest of made.*

“ Pr—ces

“ Pr—ces that mind — fuch M---sters,

“ Will never want for *Ratio Cur's* ;

Not but the Fidler has to fear

His having got his Pr—ce's Ear ;

But tho' He shou'd,—still there will lay

Right—and Compassion— in his way,

That, *with good Princes,*—bear great Sway.

— *A princely Personage indeed,*

But yet — a'Sq—re — that had no Need

To serve the F--dler — as He did :

“ Ruin a Man — by being too kind,

“ And 'gainst his Will ——— to cure his

Mind.

66 *Canto verace odioso.*

Concerted well *primario*,
Transacted secundario,
 The Main-Spring *close incognito* ;
 Who really in his Person ——— and
 His Carriage — shew's the Nobleman,
 And,—(for all this *mean Trick* was play'd ;
 “ *T' insult a poor Man—void of Aid !*)
 “ 'Tis known to all the World,—and Us,
 “ *He's of a very noble House* ;
 —Then i' n't it strange ! — that *such as*
H——
Shou'd so be flush'd with Vanity,
And stain'd with so much Ty--r--ny ?

To

Canto verace odioso. 67

To act, — *as if* — He'd made A VOW,
“ *The Man shall die* ; “ *No matter how* :
Because the Fidler mis'd a Bow.
--However, S-r, --thus far *We'll* clear Y— ;
Tb' Fidler will, ——— *if the K— will*, —
 sp —re Y— ;
Because — “ *Humanum est errare.*



68 *Canto verace odioso.*

Si Omnes qui Reipublicæ consulunt chari nobis esse debent, Certè *imprimis* Imperatores; — *Quorum Consiliis, Virtute, Periculis*, retinemus & nostram Salutem — & Imperii Dignitatem.

Cic. de Orat.



✂ The subsequent Canto's will soon be publish'd; wherefore we thought it not amiss to insert *here* Part of the Arguments of the Second — and third Canto's. — *And the like Hints upon the ensuing Canto's will be continued at the End of every Canto, as fast as publish'd to the World.*

The



The ARGUMENT of the
Second Canto.

The Vision that the Fidler had,

For which he was proclaim'd—FOR

M A D.

How Pride, and Forms, and School-

Degrees,

Prophane surpassing Mysteries,

And boldly term 'em — Reveries.

How Academick Priviledges

To horrid Roguerys are Hedges :

—*And*

— *And how Professors once combin'd*
Unask'd — to be so very kind,

To cure—the healthful Fidler's Mind.

While these Wise Men of Gotham-Elves,

In their Account—forgot Themselves.



Part of the ARGUMENT to
 the Third Canto.

The Delegates — o' th' Rector's sending,

T' attend Him — while the Mind was
Mending.

The Skirmishes — and grand Parade,
The Fidler and Attendants made
While led — to be in Limbo laid.

The Manner — how he march'd along,
And how he frighted all the Throng,
The Quarters — They had Him prepar'd,
And, when He was there — how He
far'd :

What Company — while there detain'd,
The Fidler found — and entertain'd.

What Care they took — to pick Him
out,

Relieves of Nurses — tall and stout,

72 *Canto verace odioso.*

To make their Method prove effectual,

To cure both — Body and Intellectual.



Dicam equidem, — licet Arma Mihi, —

Mortemque minetur. Prop.



The Little Rival to the Great,
A P O E M,

S O L D

At Mr. Smith's, at Corell's Head, (a Musick Shop)
against Norfolk-Street.

By Mrs. Fox, at Mr. Francis's, in Fountain Court,
in the Strand.

And by the Bookellers of London, and Westminster.

Price One Shilling.

